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Advertising
Make use of them!

HEALTH HINTS

For brittle nails: mix and melt equal parts of pitch or turpentine and vasoline, spread upon nails at night, remove with olive oil in the morning; never use sharp instruments under the nails. For hard nails: 1 ounce vasoline, 60 grains pure white castile soap and oil of lemon. For soft nails, melt oil of mastic 15 grains, salt 2 grains, vasoline 12 grains, alum 2 1-2 grains, white wax 5 grains.



Look at Your Nails

Do you know that well manicured, polished nails are the handsomest and least expensive jewels you may adorn your hands with. Our stock of Manicure Sets, Toilet Scissors and Cutlery, Razors and Straps offers a great variety of articles, all of standard quality at almost any price. Convince yourself, ask us for the goods behind this ad.

CO-OP DRUG CO.

THE PRESCRIPTION STORE
AGENTS FOR MAURICE CHOCOLATES

FOR UTAH PORTLAND CEMENT

And Hard Wall Plaster
And Best Coal

CALL

M. & L. COAL COMPANY

Phone 74

IT MAKES THINGS
SAFE
TO HAVE MONEY
IN OUR BANK



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There's safety in a bank account for the reason that it is a clear signal of the future. It means that things are clear ahead, and that your road is unobstructed. Make up your mind not to travel another step if you haven't a bank account.

First National Bank

Logan, Utah.

THOMAS SMART, President. ALLAN M. FLEMING, Cashier.
JOHN M. ANDERSON, Vice Pres. H. E. CROCKETT, Asst. Cashier.
Capital, \$100,000.00; Surplus, \$17,000.00; Deposits, \$525,000.00

"BURRERS" BANNED BILL CHEATING HIM OF BRIDE

Vocabularious Breyfogle Tells of His
Experience With Desert
Inamorata and
Jackasses

By Clarence E. Eddy The Poet
Prospector

My motto is to never have no mercy on a Jackass, said Breyfogle Bill, after whispering to himself.

Them societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals is all right for galoots that never been up again it, but I reckon they'll never coin no medals for me.

If there's fellers that wants to put themselves on a equality with Jackasses by trying to coax and reason with sich, I ain't got nothing to say, except this is a free country and some is born equal; but as for myself I figgers that Jackasses has got to be ruled with firmness. They've been my ruination in some respects or I'd be a married man and raising a respectable family.

After which philosophy Bill continued to the following effect:

It were back in the early boom days that I courted a gal up at Goldfield. Being a grass widder she war not so very young and inexperienced but jolly, she were a good looker and a one in the world to some extent. So when we kind of got acquainted and I figgered it wouldn't be too much of a shock to her system, I says to her, How would it strike yer to git married? I says for I were powerfully in love with the gal.

She kind of hesitated and I thought I were a goner, till finally she looked up sorter timid and says, Bill, says she, I'd like to git married, especially to you, but I cin't got no clothes. I hadn't noticed that, sez I but here is a twenty, and I handed it to her and she took it kind of hesitating and bashful, and then speaking more sweet and softly like she says, Bill, says she, the way prices is and having to pay freight I couldn't git no suitable wedding outfit for less than \$500 and besides it wouldn't be doing proper honors for me to appear in nothing cheap. I want to be married in pure satin, she says, with a little dash of color, for I ain't no mere young thing and pure white is only appropriate for a first marriage.

Well, as luck would have it I had a wad I had left for safe keeping with a bartender of one of the leading saloons of Goldfield, and knowing it were a matter of honor I says, Tilly, says I, yer kin have it but when is to be the happy occasion?

She took the \$500 and I give her hand a hard squeeze and she says to me, Bill, yer the best feller in the world, and I'm a going to begin to commence to git ready for the wedding, but on account of my health I think we ought to wait two years but I won't place no restrictions on yer meanwhile, she says, if you will jist pervide for myself and widdered mother and sister and five children.

Swallows the Hook

To all of this I agreed excepting as to the date for the wedding. Two years, I says, is a long time when it comes to waiting for the object of yer affections and supposing I should die, says I.

Well, Bill, it would be a hard blow says she, but I'd be resigned to it somehow if it happened. That reminds me, she says, yer'd better take out life insurance, payable to me, and pervide me with a will and sich to settle yer estate. A man single and unmarried is reckless about money and it takes a woman to manage. What would become of me if you were dead? she says, kind of solemn.

Well, we argued a good deal, having our first love quarrel as I finally figgered it, but the upshot was that I got my life insuored, after being nearly talked to death by insurance agents and sich, and they showed me how that after paying my doos regular for twenty years I could git part of the money back without having to die for it. This did not cut no figger in my case for whether I were dead or alive it were all to be paid to the gal.

Next I had my will made good and sold, paying a lawyer \$50 for the same so that all my property and mining claims and sich would go to Tilly, my intended if I happened to shuffle off this mortal coil as the poet says.

Call Is For Coin

Everything seemed to be purty satisfactory to Tilly now except a way to fetch the coin and this, taking a lot of hard work the gal intrusted it to me. Bill, she says if you will go out to Death valley and

make a strike on The Lost Loscoe, or any of them powerfully rich claims I'll marry you on the 13th day of August at high noon.

It were during the Fourth of July celebration that she said this. The boys were all celebrating uncommon and I set up several times breaking the good news to several that I was to be married and they all congratulated me, drunk how to me and my intended at \$7 per treat.

Then I seen Jim Biggins and I says, Jim have you got any burrs for sale? He says, That I have. Bill, I've been appointed agent for seven burrs left out in a bunch some fellers imported from Arizona. Yer kin have the hul bunch for prices dirt cheap, ranging from about \$60 to \$80 he says and being as I'm yer friend I'll take half down and yer mote for the balance in sixty days at 10 per cent interest.

Obsessed By Desire

Well I figgered round considerable trying to find a bargain and I looked at all kinds of burrs till I could see packs of the critters every night when I tried to sleep. Most as owned burrs were opposed to part from sich without cash in advance ranging up to unreasonable prices. They figgered to have me cinched, but I'm under klose in kalkulation when it comes to trading in burrs and mules. Besides I wanted to leave all my spare money amounting to \$1000 with the gal. She says to me, Bill, if you don't leave that money with me I'll think yer afraid to trust me and she sung a little song:

Could you look into my heart dear,
You would know I'm only thine.

So I gave the gal the \$1000 and took the bargains of Jim Biggins on them burrs. I bid goodby to the gal and set out from Goldfield with them seven burrs and the time I had gitting out to Tule Hole in Death valley war hell, which, as them noos paper fellers says, lack of space forbids us to relate. The pint I am gitting at is what them durn burrs done to be a coming back. It war hot enough to make a feller crazy if he war not of ancherly sound intellect. I could smell my clothes a scorching in the heat and it war not long till the seat of my trousers tore out as being no more substantial than a noospaper. I had to drink water that were almost billing and the rattlesnakes and hydrofobus skunks and sich had it in for me like pizen. Then a trading rat took most all my grub leaving ornery pieces of rock and sich as payment. But it was the best that the pore cuss knowed and I didn't bother him.

Diet Change Menaces

For weeks before leaving Goldfield them burrs had been living on the pictures and kromos of candidates that was running for office. Some fellers had said that for burrs to have to live on sich were next to kanibalism. And so one hot dark night when the burrs et up all of the dynamite they was taken sick with wind colic.

I got along somehow a digging and panning till I struck the pay streak and filled my sacks on a lokashun called The Golden Pleece. Figgering that I'd be solid with the gal now, I set out at night to git back to Goldfield in doo time for the wedding and I went along singing till at the durn kyotes barked in a regular chorus.

I was having hell with them burrs right along, to say nothing of, rattle snakes, till I come to where the road crossed the salt marsh in Death valley and there would not a durn one of them buffers cross the cusses being afraid of mirin their feet.

I was riding a big mouse colored burr with a white belly and ears like the steering paddles of an airship. I tried coaxing him to cross the mud, and holding him by the rope I walked ahead to show him it would not mire nobody. But durned if that burr would come an inch and he jist rared and jerked back until finally I seans to him, dam your sole, I says, I'll teach yer how to differ with the genus homo, and I hawled off and hit him with a sledge hammer.

Well it never fazed the cuss so far as making him amenable to reason but he broke and run down the road with all the other burrs a tearing their packs and scattering high grade clear back to Tule Hole with me cussing and foiling on foot the best that I knowed how.

Well I were four days ketching them burrs and gitting another load of high grade the which had

about took all the pay streak and when I got back to that mud hole I hog tied and drug every durn burr across it. It were by my superior strength and intellect that I got the big burr across first and using him as a sort of lonkey engine I dragged over every one of them burrs.

I got into the Borax Smith Death Valley Farm four days late. It were now in two days of the time set for matrimony and I knowed that I were in for it at Hell's canyon on the way to Goldfield.

Fights To the End

Well, when I got to Hell's canyon it were up hill and the burrs began lying down and the night before the 13th I got and rasselled like a wild man trying to keep them burrs on their feet. The big burr got me down and foot and landed on me like a prize fighter but finally by main strength and superior intellect and by coaxing him with a sledge hammer I got him on his way.

I had him sorter docile now but travelling in the dark them other burrs had busted their packs and lost most all the high grade. When I got to Goldfield I was worn almost to a shadder. It were the night of the 13th of August and rushing over to where my gal stayed I found that she were gone. The place war soem and vacant like and a note left on the table said that not having kept my sacred promise I were unworthy of the love and confidence of a lady and further that my intended after having waited in vain for my

coming had given her hand and affections to Tom Skinner, better known as Faro Tom and that they had vamoosed that night for a wedding tour in Kalifornia.

That is why I ain't got no love no burrs and at times my policy in dealing with sich is to let money be forgotten.

NOTICE TO THE FARMERS

We are paying the highest prices for Hides, Pelts and Beeswax, four cents for old Rubber, seven cents for old Metals, forty cents per hundred for Cast Iron. None of the peddlers work for me, so do not give away to the peddlers, but bring them to the

Logan, Hide & Junk Co.
146 SOUTH MAIN STREET
Phone 62

LOOK! HERE LOOK!

You cannot get wallpaper cheaper anywhere. Look—from 9c up for a double roll. Free with every order of wallpaper or hanging, a set of tea or tablespoons.

W. F. Stove Repair Co.
38 NORTH FIRST WEST
Phone 226W

PIERSON'S White Orpingtons

Have Won Wherever Shown
BRED to WIN, LAY, WEIGH and PAY

Latest Winnings, Utah State Fair 1913

First, Young Pen	First, Old Pen
First, Second, Third, Hen	First, Second, Cock
First, Second, Fourth, Pullet	First, Second, Cockerel

Utah Poultry Show, Jan., 1914

1st, Pen	3rd, Cock
1st, Cockerel	4th and 5th, Pullets
1st, 3rd and 4th, Hens	4th, Pen

Stock and Eggs For Sale

I. C. PIERSON
627 9th Ave., Salt Lake City

Choice Articles Direct From the Philippines To You at One-Fourth Ordinary Prices

LUCBAN AND BANGKOK HATS:—Very best grade of the famous Panama made:—Woven under water by hand, can be crushed and not lose shape. ABSOLUTELY THE BEST, made for both Ladies and Gentlemen.

LADIES HATS: 10 and 15 Dollars, **GENTLEMEN'S HATS:** 5 and 10 Dollars.

ROMBLON MATS:—Handsome and most durable grass mats or rugs made in the world: Beautiful colors and designs, largest size will three-fourth cover the floor of a room.

THREE SIZES OF ROMBLON MATS: 5, 7 and 10 Dollars.

MANILA CIGARS:—\$3 Dollars for a trial box of the very best cigars made in the Philippines from the best Philippine tobacco for which these islands are famous.

Sent by Registered mail Free of all duties on receipt of price.

C. A. Short & Co., Lucena, Tayabas, P. I.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILES

Following is the New Mail Schedule at Logan, Utah, Post Office on account of new time card of the Oregon Short Line, effective Sunday, June 15 1913

CLOSING OF MAILES
East, West, North and South,7:30 a. m. 2:10 p. m.
Preston Branch, north10:40 a. m. 7:15 p. m.
Branch Loop south, Hyrum, Wellsville, etc.2:10 p. m.
Providence and Millville, via R. F. D.9:30 a. m.
Benson and King, (except Sunday)9:30 a. m.
R. F. D. 1 College Ward, (except Sunday)9:30 a. m.
R. F. D. 2, North Logan, (except Sunday)9:30 a. m.

ARRIVAL OF MAILES
East, West North and South11:40 a. m. 8:00 p. m.
Preston Branch8:20 a. m. 3:00 p. m.
Branch Loop, Wellsville, Hyrum, etc.11:40 a. m.
Providence and Millville,4:30 p. m.
Benson and King (except Sunday)4:00 p. m.
R. F. D. 1, College Ward4:30 p. m.
R. F. D. 2 Greenville, North Logan1:00 p. m.
All windows at post office are closed on Sundays the entire day.
General Delivery, Stamp, and Carrier windows open on holidays from 9 to 10 o'clock a. m.

Only two dispatches are made on Sundays: Main Line, all points, 7:30 a. m.; Preston Branch, north, 7:15 p. m.

Very Respectfully,
JOSEPH ODELL, Postmaster.